

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 23, 1874.

Number 39.

FILIAL LOVE.

A Drama of the Fourteenth Century.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE V.

(BOIS ROBERT alone, mounting guard.)

BOIS ROBERT. Poor Theodebert, to what disgrace are you now exposed! you are the villain, you the robber, whom they seek. Poor fellow! It was in vain that I tried to hold him back, to divert his thoughts from his lost boy. His feelings overcame him; yea, he fancied that he saw his boy in these halls, in the midst of courtiers and knights—nay, that he beheld him in the Prince! My poor old friend! (becomes lost in thought.)

(Enter THEODEBERT, driven from the banquet-hall by GUSMAN.)

GUSMAN. Fie, fie! away with you, you vagabond! you miscreant! Away, I say, or I will break your bones!

THEODEBERT. Soft, soft, good sir; treat me not so harshly; I've done you no harm.

GUSMAN. You daring wolf! done me no harm! No, indeed, I know who you sought to harm—I followed your track, you villain. I know who you wish to harm. (Shakes THEODEBERT about the stage; THEODEBERT tries to avoid him.)

THEODEBERT. Oh, pity me! Listen to me but for a moment!

GUSMAN. Away, I say!

THEODEBERT. Let me explain.

GUSMAN. I will not—leave the hall, or beware! (shakes his fist and re-enters the banquet hall.)

THEODEBERT. Great God! am I thus driven to desperation! My heart sinks under the burden of my woes. A thick veil shrouds all things—what my eyes tell me to be true, I must believe a dream; and the fancy of others, forsooth, must be a reality! They call me a villain, vagrant, thief, and I must believe it; but if I see my boy with my own eyes, they tell me I am crazy! O yes, it was he that I saw, surrounded by chieftains and courtiers, decked in princely garments, and on his noble brow a crown of gold. Aye, it was so; I distinctly saw it glittering with a thousand jewels and costly diamonds. O my boy! my boy! He looked at me for an instant; his eyes seemed scarcely to recognize me; and when I drew near to speak to him he looked at me no more. He turned from me,—my boy! my Bellarosa! They have bewitched him, the villains; they have stolen my boy from me! (Fiercely.) The crime calls for vengeance! There has been enough patient waiting, enough derision and insult; I will wreak vengeance upon them!

BOIS ROBERT. (aside.) Poor, poor Theodebert! His mind is gone, utterly gone. What am I to do? (Aloud) Theodebert! my friend!

THEODEBERT (turning to BOIS ROBERT.) Bois Robert! Alack, my friend, will you help me in my misfortune! Surely, you also will not mock me. Bois Robert, I saw him, as I see you; I nearly touched his garment. But will you believe me, he turned his face away from his father, and his guards drove me from his presence as a vile thief!

BOIS ROBERT. (Shakes his head in commiseration.) Be not afraid; be calm, Theodebert. I will take your part, and they shall do you no harm; aye, by my sword, all our mountain lads will protect you. (Aside) Poor fellow! once his head was as sound as my own. (THEODEBERT rests on

a bench, nodding his head.) Well, let him rest a moment 'twill do him good. (Goes back to the door.) Alas, it is a cruel blow! Poor Theodebert! (It grows dark. BOIS ROBERT leans on his spear, and does not perceive BELLAROSA, who enters silently.)

SCENE VI.

(Enter BELLAROSA cautiously.)

BELLAROSA. I have escaped their watchful eyes. Holy Providence, second my designs! My heart bleeds at the thought of my father's sufferings. Oh, but to reach him unseen, and give him the clue to the mystery that shrouds my conduct. (Goes about carefully in the dark; perceives BOIS ROBERT overcome with fatigue. Speaks in a low voice.) Ho! who is here? 'Tis a guard: he will not observe me. My father must be near by. He came into this hall, and cannot have left so soon. Surely they would not drive him away. (Perceives THEODEBERT.) Here is a man fast asleep, wearied out from the day. 'Tis an archer. (Approaches nearer.) Sweet Heaven, 'tis my poor father!

BOIS ROBERT. (Starting up and rubbing his eyes, sees with amazement the form of BELLAROSA.) Is it a vision! a phantom of the night! That figure! (Follows BELLAROSA instantly, stretching out his hand towards him.) My God! 'tis Bellarosa!

BELLAROSA. (Stretching out his hand towards his father.) Shall I wake him? Alas! how he sighs! His breath seems to oppress him. Poor father! (touches him) Wake, dear father; wake, it is I. (THEODEBERT wakes by degrees, and looks up eagerly. BELLAROSA steps back, half terrified at his father's fixed gaze.)

THEODEBERT (rising.) Do I then behold thee, my son? (Steps forward.) Art thou my own Bellarosa! (Door opens, DUKE and courtiers enter, and light floods the scene. BELLAROSA, fearing discovery, turns partly from THEODEBERT.)

BELLAROSA. Touch me not, father—they come. (Withdraws a few steps.)

THEODEBERT (advancing.) Hast thou then forgotten me,—(in a suppressed voice) forgotten thy father! (DUKE and courtiers stand amazed. THEODEBERT, clasping his hands) He is bewitched—he knows me not—they have cast a spell over him. (Falls on his bench, BELLAROSA standing in motionless agony.)

DUKE. What means this, my lords? What brought the Prince here? What was the archer doing?

LABRISSE. I cannot surmise, my lord Duke.

GONTRAND. The heat of the banquet hall may have compelled him to seek the cool night-breeze.

LA ROVERE. He must have been intercepted by the archer. The fellow had some favor to ask.

HERMAN. Those beggarly fellows seek every chance to importune. (THEODEBERT rises in silent grief, goes to the rear, and motions a silent adieu. BOIS ROBERT attends him to the door.)

DUKE. Humph! Who knows this soldier?

LABRISSE. It must be the same whom the guards drove from the hall.

DUKE. What! the assassin?

LABRISSE. It must be he. See! the Prince faints! Hold him, my lord.

LAFERE. The villain has frightened him.

DUKE. This must be inquired into. My lord, let this soldier be forthwith arrested.

LABRISSE. I'll bring him in, dead or alive. (BELLAROSA groans.)

DUKE. Let us retire, my lords. We fatigue him; a little rest will soon restore his spirits

ALBRANTIN. He suffers from some secret agony. *(They look on him in commiseration.)*

GONTRAND. He grieves, when in truth he should be happier. *(They withdraw silently.)*

(DUKE to BOIS ROBERT.) Come, sir; I wish to see you. *(Exeunt all but BELLAROSA.)*

BELLAROSA *(moaning in sleep.)* Father, stay, stay! I come. O do not go away! Am I not your boy, your Bellarosa?—What is that? Oh, they have killed him! they have killed him. *(Sobs, and puts his hand mechanically to his crown and tears it off—sinks into a deep swoon.)*

(Enter Preceptor and Pages in high glee.)

GENSANO. Here he is! here he is!

GUSMAN *(holding them back)* Gentle pages, easy, easy! and we shall surprise him.

AMITUS. He is asleep, and will not hear us.

SERVILIUS. Shall we awake him?

GUSMAN. When a Prince, sleeps do not disturb him,—he has no other pleasure.

GENSANO. Come closer: his dreams must be golden: let us charm his ears with sweet music.—What do I behold?

GUSMAN. You frighten me—what is it?

GENSANO. Look at the crown.

AMITUS. It is torn from his head.

SERVILIUS. Why! it is broken; the pearls are all scattered about.

GUSMAN. Who did this? My word for it, that old thief had a hand in the business.

GENSANO. I shouldn't wonder. I just met him under the arcade, looking haggard, and running about like a maniac.

GUSMAN. I will warn the Duke. He must be arrested. Do you stay here and keep guard over the Prince. Good heavens, what perils surround us!

PAGES. We will watch by him till he wakes.

GUSMAN. I shall be back in a moment. *(Exit.)*

GENSANO. Boys, I am afraid; let us draw our swords. *(They draw.)*

AMITUS. Afraid of what! I'd like to know who dare attack us.

SERVILIUS. I should not wish to be a Prince for all the world.

GENSANO. I'd rather be a mountain lad, braving the storm on the highest peaks.

AMITUS. And caring not for crowns and thrones—

SERVILIUS. Aye, or for thieves or bandits. *(Bell sounds.)*

GENSANO. 'Tis the curfew; let us pray, boys.

AMITUS. Yes, for the Prince, that his troubles be soon brought to an end. *(They remain in silent prayer. Soft music. Curtain drops.)*

[End of the Fourth Act.]

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Palace Garden. Time, After Midnight.

(Enter BOIS ROBERT, followed by archers, moving cautiously and making sure that there is no one near by. Soft music.)

BOIS ROBERT. I have a secret—one that interests you very much.

ALL. Speak: what is it?

BOIS ROBERT. *(After looking about.)* You have not seen Theodebert, eh?

BATAGLIA. I saw him last evening, gliding along the south wall yonder.

BOIS ROBERT. But this evening?

BATAGLIA. I have not.

BOIS ROBERT. *(In a solemn voice.)* Theodebert, our friend, is falsely accused of a dark crime.

ALL. Impossible!

FERRAND. Who dare charge him so falsely?

BOIS ROBERT. Beware! speak more low, or we shall be discovered.

BRISSAN. 'Tis an outrage, an insult to the whole band of archers!

BOIS ROBERT. This is not all. He must be arrested.

ALL. Arrested!

BOIS ROBERT. The order is given by the Duke himself.

ALL. Confound the Duke!

MONTE ALTO. We must prevent this.

BOIS ROBERT. Listen to the order: *(Reads.)* "By order of the Duke, Bois Robert will arrest the archer Theodebert, who is charged with criminal designs against the Prince."

ALL. You to arrest him!

BOIS ROBERT. Don't judge me rashly. You must be my helpers.

ALL *(stepping back.)* Never!

BOIS ROBERT. You must; the life of Theodebert depends upon it.

ALL. His life!

BOIS ROBERT. And did you imagine me a hound set on my friend's trail?

ALL. Oh, no, no, Bois Robert—we know you could not do so.

BOIS ROBERT. That I could be a base traitor, bought for a handful of gold?

ALL. Never, Bois Robert: we know better.

BOIS ROBERT. Then I am his friend?

ALL. You were ever so.

BOIS ROBERT. And I am your friend, your chief?

ALL. Our friend, our chief.

BOIS ROBERT. I may count on you?

ALL. Command us, and we shall not falter.

BOIS ROBERT. Then we shall save Theodebert. Listen. His capture is entrusted to us: let us accomplish it without delay; a moment's hesitation, and others will do it for us, and we shall be foiled. Once secured, we shall watch over him as eagles over their prey: neither friend nor foe shall approach him. If he is condemned to die, we will stake our lives to save him: and if we must witness his death, woe to those that cause it. Do you understand me now?

ALL. Bravo! Bois Robert, we are yours!

BOIS ROBERT *(raising his sword)* Swear!

ALL *(with raised swords.)* We swear it!

QUIVALA. The Prince shall feel this blade!

MONTE ALTO. His days are numbered.

BOIS ROBERT. Hush! you know not what you say!

ALL. How so?

MONTE ALTO. The Prince is but a tool set up by the Duke.

BOIS ROBERT. Hear me. Last evening Theodebert and I were in the guards' hall, he overcome with grief and I lost in thought at my post: when suddenly, hearing steps, I raised my eyes and saw the Prince issue from the banquet hall. Slowly he moved to where Theodebert sat. I was amazed. He drew near and awoke Theodebert, and then for a moment looked at him intently; at once Theodebert, rising slowly, strove to grasp the Prince, almost shrieking in an agonized voice, "My son! my Bellarosa!"

ALL. Bellarosa!

BOIS ROBERT. It was Bellarosa himself; I saw him distinctly. But, alack! he turned from Theodebert, and did not recognize him. Ask no more: there is a strange mystery about it all which I cannot understand.

MONTE ALTO. Strange!

RAYMOND. But why is Theodebert accused of the Prince's murder?

QUIVALA. If he be his own father?

BOIS ROBERT. I know not. There is some secret conspiracy. The boy is now a prince, you see; his father but a poor archer, a mountaineer, as we are. That may account for it.—But there is some one approaching; let us disperse and seek Theodebert. *(Exeunt all but QUIVALA.)*

[End of Scene I, Act V.]

Very, very blonde hair is now called "the light fantastic tow."

A DETROIT picture dealer says the hardest work he has to do is to frame Excuses.

THERE is a prejudice in humankind against large ears. As the poet says: "Man wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long."

THE man is indeed "hard up" who cannot get credit for even good intentions.

The Fete Champetre.

"In Fraunce they daunce on the grauns under the blehugh skahigh."

The merry picnic party which, under the guidance of Bro. Paul, betook themselves to the green and shady dells contiguous to our winding river, deserves a more extended notice than it has hitherto received in your classic columns, being one of the most agreeable episodes of the season. A jovial band of about forty Juniors might have been seen on the morning of Wednesday, May 13th, emanating in martial array from their recreation grounds and proceeding in the direction of the St. Joe. Fife and drum made every step harmoniously agree. The drum-major, Master J. P. McHugh, and the piccolominist, Master W. Ohlen, displayed indomitable energy combined with that true sense of the relations of time and tune which distinguishes the natural musician. *Malbrook* was the *tema* on which their first efforts were based, and they shone pre-eminently in "*A Life on the Ocean Wave*." Journeying towards the land of the setting sun, they left Amazonia on their right—that land of enchantment and mystery—that bourne of hopes and telescopic admiration—and reached their ultimate destination in safety. The piscatory art now engaged the attention of many of the merry group. Fires were kindled on the river bank to cook fish that—alas!—preferred to remain in the river, as the upshot subsequently proved. But Bro. Paul dried the tears of the unsuccessful with lemonade, and snake-hunting usurped the sphere that fishing had ere-while occupied in the popular mind. Several dangerous serpents fell victims to boys, whom they no doubt regarded as more dangerous still; and frogs were extracted by simple but effective surgical processes from the bellies of the same—the serpents, not the boys.

This portion of the St. Joseph Valley contains all that can fascinate the eye and ear. The tender green of Spring was relieved by the clustering white and pink blossoms of flowering shrubs, fragrant and beloved by bees. The mild splendor of the vernal sun shone unclouded from the azure firmament above, and warbling birds gave melodious evidence of the rapture which filled their little hearts to overflowing. Our choir may hymn May hymns in the dim twilight of wax-lighted aisles and transepts,—but what human melody—what masterpiece of harmonic art can compare with these untaught strains of forest nature? As the scout reclines on the frontiers of civilization, in a tent if inattentive, if on the alert, *sub jove*, and listens to the—

But hold! some one is stuck in the mud. Let us fly to the rescue. The green meadow is seamed with tiny streams whose beds are bottomless, black and miry. Some one has put his foot in it, and a neat and delicate specimen of Bro. Eugene's workmanship is sunk in a chaotic mass of alluvial deposit. Yes, even the fairest spot on earth has its blemishes, and mud is not the only drawback to the glories of the life campestrian. The locality is slightly infested with daring horse-thieves, and distinguished visitors should be careful whom they leave in charge of their prancing steeds.

But these *contretemps* are rather refreshing than otherwise; and meanwhile the tattoo is beat for dinner, which our indefatigable Bro. Paul, assisted by Messrs. Mooney and Baca, is now prepared to supply to his numerous clients. The viands made a deep impression on us at the time, but we cannot pretend to enumerate them. Suffice

it to say that repletion followed, and such shade as the early foliage of May affords was eagerly sought for the purpose of *siesta*. Our sluggishness was brief, however. The golden hours were too precious to be wasted in sleep. Some to the ball, some to the dance repaired. Our own tastes were terpsichorean—never, that we remember, having been able to catch a ball with anything like *éclat*. As a moralist, therefore, though remarkably lenient in respect to dancing, we do not approve of balls. Several musicians in turn officiated—Messrs. Freese, McHugh, and Burger; the latter, indeed, whose art is of the solemn order, left most of the dance-music in the hands of his fellow-Christians.

A majestic form now loomed up above the visible horizon. The equestrian figure of one of the most remarkable men of our times, mounted on his richly caparisoned steed, "Rosy," (short for Rozinante, we presume,) appeared descending the precipitous tracks of the eastern hillside. A courteous greeting was interchanged, and horsetilities were resumed in various forms. And thus with sport, and dance and song the hours flew merrily by, until the declining sunbeams shooting aslant the sheltering straw hats which covered the capillary attractions of most of the party, admonished that a return to Notre Dame was advisable. A hasty but delicious lunch was snatched, and again military discipline prevailed. Again the troops appeared in martial array. The fife and drum sounded the retreat, and hearty cheers resounded for Bro. Paul and other popular personages and things.

May many more such days begem with treasured memories the barren record of our cheerless daily life.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

On Colors.

"Cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores."—*Horace*.

MR. EDITOR:—As the Festival of Corpus Christi is at hand, and a season of display then begins, to terminate only with our Annual Exhibition, would it not be well if our Societies were a little more methodical and orderly in the showing of their colors? Some of our Societies do not even know what their colors are. The St. Aloysius Philodemic, for instance—one of the oldest Societies in the house—hasn't got any. Nor, we are led to infer, has the University of Notre Dame any colors of her own. In all the years of my past experience, I have never seen her hoist anything but the National Stars and Stripes. The following colors were worn at the last Exhibition:

Associated Alumni,	- - - - -	White.
Archconfraternity,	- - - - -	Sky-blue and white.
Boat Club,	- - - - -	Red, white and blue.
Choir (St. Gregory's Society,)	- - - - -	White and gold.
St. Cecilians,	- - - - -	Deep blue.
Columbians,	- - - - -	Purple and gold.
Philopatrians,	- - - - -	Green.
Scientific Association,	- - - - -	Scarlet and black.
Thespians,	- - - - -	Turquoise-blue and gold.

To avoid confusion it would be well if these Societies would state whether the adoption of these colors was merely temporary, or intended to be permanent. Other organizations would do well to let us know what they intend to wear. Moreover, it is not too late to adopt a regular collegiate gown and cap, at least for the Collegiate Department. Surely, we have been in existence long enough to assume a little exterior dignity without offence to any one. Yours suggestively.

CHROMO.

P. S. It's a very strange thing that one can't talk about old times, without all the bells in the neighborhood ringing.

The Scholastic.

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TERMS:

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FATHER JOHN LAUTH started for Austin on Thursday.

SOME scene-painting has been done in Washington Hall lately.

HON. S. S. HAYES, of Chicago, has promised to speak here at the Commencement.

REV. FATHER O'MAHONY occasionally visits us—but very seldom.

LETTERS of invitation have been sent to the Alumni. Their meeting will take place Tuesday, 23d, prox.

THE resident Alumni, we hear, are having meetings to arrange for the annual reunion of that favored band.

THE botanical garden is beginning to present a fine appearance even to our unscientific eyes.

WE are much pleased with the *College Message*, from St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., and we wish it success.

THE St. Cecilia Philomathean lads have their hands full just now. They will no doubt give us a splendid exhibition of their dramatic powers on June 2d.

ANY saloon-keeper or liquor dealer who will dare sell liquor or intoxicating drink to any of the College students may expect to be unmercifully dealt with.

IF any one goes travelling now for more than 12 hours he requires two trunks along with him—one with his winter clothes, and the other with the lightest possible summer suit.

WE didn't see Mr. Bonney around last week. He was afraid perhaps that he'd be asked to photograph one of those straw hats, and did not want to own up that he had no plates big enough.

SEVERAL letters have been received from Very Rev. Father General, previous to his embarking on board the *Pereire*. He and his companion, Bro. Vincent, were well, and filled with the pilgrims' enthusiasm.

THE boat-houses are rather dilapidated-looking monuments of naval architecture. How is the treasury of the navy department off for funds—and how are they off for soap—we mean paint?

THE Commencement Exercises will be so distributed and arranged as to be a source of pleasure to those who will witness them, with the least possible amount of what is usually termed *bore*.

THE new drain, lately constructed under the superintendence of Bro. Alfred, between the two lakes, works splendidly. The horrid old ditches which disgraced one of the finest spots of the College surroundings are things of the past.

THE Junior play-grounds have just been beautified by a splendid walk, bordered with rows of trees. Between two and three thousand poplar, two hundred maple, two hundred locust, and one hundred sycamore trees have been planted on the College grounds this season.

THE St. Cecilia Philomatheans will give their grand Exhibition on the evening of June 2d. They are busily engaged during their recreation hours with the play—"FILIAL LOVE"—which they intend to represent on that occasion. The St. Cecilia Philomathean Society has many talented members, and will no doubt show itself equal to its fame.

IT is a step in advance made by the Alumni that they have determined to have no toasts or set speeches, or any such domingood nonsense, at the annual banquet. Many will eat their dinner in peace who would according to the old *régime* be losing time and appetite over the thought of their having to get up and make an extempore speech "perfectly unprepared, etc.," to his own confusion and the worrying of his neighbors. We have no doubt that they will have a splendid time, and some finer speeches on the spur of the moment, and not too long, than they would have by giving the speakers a week to charge themselves.

A tranquil, soothing scene may be gazed upon by any one taking his stand on the northern verge of the grounds around the Professed House, about 7 o'clock P. M. The upper lake lies smooth and calm in the softening light of evening, and reflects every shrub and tree; the houses cast long shadows; and the sun, just about winking you good-night over the trees, gathers brilliant clouds around him and lets his heat come down on you "easy." The new building backed by the high old chimney of the steam-house, the majestic college building, the lowly old church, the aristocratic two-story-with-basement-and-attic edifice on the dip of the hill, and the monumental structure that soon will replace the old church, are bathed in the rich mellow light of the setting sun—for they are perched on a hill, while a distinct shadow falls upon the lake before you. Looking towards the boat-house, which by distance is made to appear extremely picturesque, with its tall flag-pole and band platform, standing well cut out against the eastern sky, you perceive a long boat emerging, then another and another, and soon the lake is ruffled by oars pulled by the muscular Christians who intend to strive for the prize next June. But as the boats glide up and down and crosswise, you hear no sound of loud voices; the dip of the oar, that is all. As you stand, and gaze and puff your cigar,—if you smoke,—and ruminare and cogitate on things, you will, by and by, perceive a long line of dark-robed men slowly descending the slope from the Novitiate to the lake, and wending their way around the borders of the beautiful sheet of water towards the place where you stand. As they approach nearer, the boats on the lake begin all to converge towards the boat-house, and by the time the long line of Novices reaches you, the boats have disappeared, and the rowers are making, by a different route, for the same objective point the Novices are tending to: and as they draw near, if you look towards the Scholasticate you will see a smaller band, in biretta and cassock, crossing over the field from St. Aloysius' to the church; and, giving attention to what is going on nearer to you, you perceive up by the Professed House another line form-

ing, of Professed Brothers, who, gaining the Portiuncula a little in advance of the Novices, lead the way to the church. The three bands unite before reaching the church, and a long line of black-robos ascend the slight declivity and enter the sacred edifice; while on the other side, hidden from your view where you stand, two other long lines—one of Juniors, the other of Seniors—file from the recreation grounds to the front portal of the church, with here and there a sprinkling of Professors and priests, going singly or in groups to the same venerable edifice. The sun is now down; the magic light that cast a glamour over the scene gives place to a sombre half-obscurity, and you, too, hasten your steps to the church, to hear the virtues and the high privileges of Mary, Mother of the Saviour, sung by the splendid choir of students, and eloquently extolled by one of the priests of Holy Cross. Then you go to bed.

Departure of the Pilgrims.

The New York *Herald* of last Sunday gives a full account of the departure of the Pilgrims on Saturday morning. All the pilgrims attended a low Mass celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop in the Cathedral, and received Holy Communion. The Archbishop addressed the pilgrims. At two o'clock, p. m. the pilgrims took their departure from the wharf, in the steamer Pereire.

A Warning to Liquor Sellers from the President of Notre Dame University.

STRATTON-BELMONT

To the Editors of the South Bend Tribune:

Permit me to avail myself of the publicity of your columns to inform all persons engaged in the sale of liquor in the city of South Bend and vicinity that I shall prosecute those who shall hereafter sell or give liquor or any other intoxicating drink to any one of the students of the College, and that I will have such persons punished with the heaviest penalties of the law.

Respectfully yours,

A. LEMONNIER, C. S. C., President.

NOTRE DAME, May 20, 1874.

After much forbearance, the President of the University had to resort to the protection of the law against those unprincipled individuals who, with full knowledge of the law and its penalties, do not scruple to serve drink to our students who may be allowed to go to the city. It is always with reluctance that we give any student permission to go to town, for the simple reason that we feel they are exposed to meet with persons like John Jones, and we know that every young student is not always ready to overcome the temptation. We trust we shall be readily forgiven for taking our self-protection into our own hands and fighting it out on that line in future.

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF THE WARNING

"John Jones was also arraigned before Judge Hagerty this morning for selling liquor in violation of the statute. He had sold to a minor, T. B. L., a student at Notre Dame. Jones plead guilty, and was fined \$10 and costs, a total of \$23.80."

Publications.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW, for April.

This splendid quarterly contains the following articles: Prussian and Italian Diplomacy in 1868; American Poets; Mr. Mill's Denial of Free Will; Mr. Jervis on the Jansen-

istic and Gallican Movement; Cæsarism and Ultramontanism; Renereccini's Irish Nunciature; The Fall of Gladstone's Government; Notices of Books.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for June,

Contains its usual number of readable articles, among others: The Principles of Real Being; Antar and Zara; The Farm of Muiceron; Public Worship; The Answered Prayer; On the Wing; The Female Religious of America; Switzerland in 1873; Grapes and Thorns; Material Faith; A Glimpse of the Green Isle; Notices of Publications.

WE acknowledge receipt of a fine portrait of Rev. Theobald Mathew, the great Irish—or rather Catholic—"Apostle of Temperance," published by Thomas Kelly, 17 Barclay St. and 22 Park Place, N. Y. In these days when a portion of the community is wild on the subject of temperance, it is good to fall back on first principles and get oneself well fixed as to what is right and what is wrong in the manner of promoting the great cause. We Catholics have been time and again accused of acting upon the principle that the "end justifies the means,"—that we may "do evil that good may result." We reject such an accusation with indignation. We have never held such a maxim: but the very ones who accuse us are the ones to put it in practice, to prove which we have merely to point to the praying bands of women who because they have a good object in view prostitute religion and prayer, and render both ridiculous.

The portrait of Father Mathew, who took the right means of gaining a good end, is a worthy reminder of how Christians should proceed in this momentous question of temperance. The very presence of the portrait of this true Apostle of Temperance in the house of a Christian family would be an incentive to temperance; and though he is not one of those whom the Church has honored by a place among the canonized saints, no doubt but the prayers of this ardent advocate of temperance will be of avail for those who honor him with a place among the familiar household objects that strike the eye of father, mother and children when they gather around the domestic hearth.

Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED]

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.....	10 00
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[TO BE CONTINUED]

Thanks.

THE members of the Students' Circulating Library return their sincere thanks to Thos. Ewing, A. M. of Lancaster, Ohio, for a generous donation of fifty volumes of choice reading—consisting of books of fiction, travel and biography.

J. F. EDWARDS, Librarian.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—A thief was lately caught breaking into a song; he had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him and hauled him off to the calaboose. Sentence, three months and hard labor. Good news for copy-right owners.

Roll of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1874.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Andre, J. Brown, W. Ball, V. Baca, J. Burnham, J. Brennan, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, G. Cunnea, J. Caren, P. Cooney, M. Caldwell, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, W. Clarke, J. Christy, T. Cashin, T. Cochrane, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Daley, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, B. Ewans, M. Foley, C. Favey, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, E. Gribbling, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hogan, H. Hayes, L. Hayes, D. Hinds, J. Handley, M. Keeler, J. E. Kelly, J. Lonergan, J. Mathews, S. Marks, T. McGinnis, B. McGinnis, T. McDonough, J. McDermott, M. McCullough, J. McMahon, E. McSweeney, E. McLaughlin, P. McDonald, T. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, J. Ney, R. O'Connor, J. O'Brien, F. O'Brien, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, T. O'Mahony, J. Ott, C. Proctor, L. Prudhomme, J. F. Rudge, G. Rudge, J. Rofinot, C. Ruger, F. Sweager, F. Scrafford, P. Skahill, S. Studebaker, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, L. Watson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. J. Baca, J. F. Beegan, J. Buchanan, J. Cullen, J. Chatterton, J. Cohen, J. Dalley, J. Delvecchio, J. Ewing, G. Freese, F. Frazee, J. C. Golsen, C. Hake, S. Kennedy, J. Kielty, M. J. Kinsella, B. Le Fevre, T. McNamara, J. Marks, P. Moran, W. S. Meyer, F. Miller, N. J. Mooney, D. Nelson, J. O'Connor, C. Peltier, J. S. Perea, J. Rider, E. L. Ratigan, W. Robinson, J. F. Soule, F. Stoppenbach, L. Smith, J. Smith, G. Sugg, R. Sobey, T. Solon, E. Washburn, J. E. Wood, R. Walker, H. Zuber, D. Gorman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

M. McAuliffe, F. Carlin, J. O'Meara, E. Cleary, L. Goldsmith, T. Hooley, E. Buchanan, H. Middleton, F. Shultz, A. West, C. Campeau.

Class Honors.

WEEK ENDING MAY 21, 1874.

LANGUAGES AND FINE ARTS.

GERMAN.

W. T. Ball, G. Burbridge, C. Burnham, J. D. Callery, J. Cullen, C. W. Cohen, N. S. Dryfoos, G. Frauenknecht, H. Faxon, C. Furer, J. Golsen, W. Greene, J. Girard, T. Hunt, J. S. Hedges, A. Kramer, A. Kreiter, W. Meyer, F. Mathews, F. Miller, J. and S. Marks, B. and D. T. McGinnis, E. McSweeney, M. McCullough, T. B. McDonough, C. Otto, C. M. Proctor, J. Quin, G. Roulhac, E. Ratigan, A. Schmidt, E. and G. Sugg, J. Soule, R. Sobey, F. Stoppenbach, F. Thalmann, F. Wittlesberger, C. Welty, T. P. White, J. E. Wood, C. Walsh.

FRENCH.

J. Borie, J. Delvecchio, G. Frauenknecht, G. J. Gross, C. Hake, B. LeFevre, J. Minton, J. D. O'Hara, G. Roulhac, J. Rofinot, C. Stucker, R. Walker.

SPANISH.—V. Baca, A. Horne.

MUSIC.

PIANO.

L. Busch, J. Beegan, J. Borie, W. Breen, C. Burger, W. Ball, C. Clarke, G. Cunnea, T. Cashin, J. Campbell, J. D. Callary, N. S. Dryfoos, J. Golsen, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, H. Hayes, J. Hedges, C. Hake, A. Kramer, P. Lilly, J. Luby, D. T. McGinnis, F. Miller, T. McNamara, T. B. McDonough, G. Nestor, C. O'Connor, C. Otto, H. Quan, E. Stichtenoth, F. Smyth, A. Schmidt, C. Stucker, W. Schultheis, J. A. Smith, G. and E. Sugg, F. Wittlesberger.

VIOLIN.

J. Brennan, W. Chapoton, J. Doyle, J. Delvecchio, C. Freeze, T. Gallagher, E. Kimm, J. Lynch, L. Loser, J. H. Lyons, J. McHugh, J. Mathews, F. Miller, C. Otto, J. E. O'Brien, J. Quin, T. Sauvageot, L. Smith.

GUITAR.

J. B. Crummey, G. Crummey, T. Cochrane, C. Hess.

CLARINET.—J. Kennedy.

FLUTE.—W. Ohlen, J. Rofinot.

DRAWING.

J. Cullen, N. S. Dryfoos, J. French, G. Frauenknecht, E. Grambling, A. Koch, J. Lambin, J. Lynch, E. Monohan, W. McClure, J. E. Porter, F. Perll, A. Schmidt, W. Schultheis, C. Stucker, L. Smith, H. Zuber.

All Around.

WE did not get all around last week.

MAY evenings are pleasant for promenades.

Steam was quite welcome the first part of this week.

CATCHING bull-frogs around the lake is quite prevalent.

THE members of the Senior Class take very good pictures (when they get them!)

WE understand that there are to be some new scenes in the Exhibition Hall for Commencement Day.

MR. M. T. CORBY spent a few hours with us last Sunday: he was looking extremely well.

CHAMPIONSHIP games have commenced; a great deal of excitement prevails among the different clubs. Matters look favorable for the Eastern stars.

STUDENTS, especially the younger ones, have commenced to count the days and even the hours until they will be going home for vacation.

EXAMINATION is the principal topic of conversation in the Senior Class. Many fears and hopes are entertained by the different members.

ABOUT twenty-three little boys made their First Communion on Ascension Thursday.

THE Alumni, we believe, at a recent meeting made out their programme for the Commencement-day reunion. It is somewhat changed from what it had been heretofore.

WE learn that there will be some diplomas given in the Telegraphy Class in June, and also two prizes to the best operators.

PICNICS are more prevalent this year than they were last year. The Junior Billiard Club enjoyed one not long since, and on Wednesday last there was a select one.

THE first championship game was not as good a one as we expected to see. The Star of the East defeated the Juanitas by a score of 49 to 59. However, we expect a better game next time these two clubs meet.

AUTOGRAPH albums—some very fine ones, too—are passed around profusely. It is amusing to look through one and see there all sorts of poetry and mottos, in upwards of five languages.

WE think the straw-hat *status* in last issue of the SCHOLASTIC was somewhat exaggerated; for we since took pains to examine and survey the largest straw hat at Notre Dame, and we do not think that it would occupy more than one half an acre of level ground. But then it wasn't a windy day.

THE chimes, we understand, are soon to peal forth the last strain of their silver-toned notes. We regret extremely that such sweet harmony as they produced is to be hushed forever. We will now have to feast on the music of the whippoorwill and the nightingale.

NUMEROUS fishermen can be seen around the lake at almost any hour of the day. They generally make a big "haul,"—not a water haul, but fish.

Baseball.

THE CHAMPIONS DEMORALIZED.

The second game between the Star of the East and the picked ten was played on the 10th inst. It was not as good a game as the first, but it was good enough to show that it does not "lie in the boots" of the Star of the East to beat that picked ten. The day was very warm and a little windy, which favored the batting. The game cannot be called a close one, nor does the score evince that the picked ten found their match. The game was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, a number being from South Bend. It lasted about three hours and a half,—a very long game. The score at the end of the game stood 49 to 29 in favor of the invincible picked ten. Ten tallies were awarded to the victors on account of the Stars refusing to play the last half inning. They had got too much already. Heavy and safe batting was done by the ten victors. They showed, in a neat manner too, the Star of the East the science of "chicagoing." P. Culliton of the Juanitas filled the position of umpire to the entire satisfaction of all. James Dwyer, pitcher for the "invincibles," was the spice of the game, and pepper for the "Stars." In seventh inning D. McGinnis, in attempting to capture one of Roberts' hot "liners," had one of his fingers scorched. We heard Mc say something about lightning and Zettlein, but we did not catch the exact meaning. Through human kindness for the vanquished we will omit the score. KAPPA.

"JUANITA."

The "Juanita B. B. C." hereby manifests its intention of entering the lists for the Championship of Notre Dame. We have lately received sufficient encouragement from our friends and rivals, the members of the "Star of the East," to warrant our doing so. And although having a somewhat uncertain opinion of our own ability, nevertheless we expect to make the Championship games for this season unusually interesting. L. S. H., Sec'y.

EXCELSIORS AND MUTUALS.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 20th, quite an interesting game of baseball was played between the Junior nines, Excelsiors and Mutuals, for the championship, which resulted in favor of the latter. Below we give the score in full:

EXCELSIORS.	O.	R.	MUTUALS.	O.	R.
Perea, s. s.....	4	3	Ohlen, 2nd b.....	3	5
Campbell, c.....	3	4	Hayes, 1st b.....	3	5
Busch, p.....	5	2	Gross, c.....	3	4
Campeau, 3rd b.....	2	5	O'Connor, c. f.....	5	1
Myers, l. f.....	2	3	Beegan, l. f.....	5	2
Loser, 1st b.....	1	3	Downey, s. s.....	3	3
Soule, 2nd b.....	4	1	McCormack, c.....	1	5
Furer, c. f.....	2	2	Thalman, 3rd b.....	3	4
Baca, r. f.....	4	2	Kelly, r. f.....	1	6
Total.....	27	25	Total.....	27	35

INNINGS:

Excelsiors.....	1	1	8	3	1	5	0	1	5	—25
Mutuals.....	1	1	1	7	5	4	4	3	10	—36

Umpire—Mr. F. Devoto, of Star of the East B. B. C.
Scorers—H. Quan and A. Crunkilton. Time of game—
Three hours. TRIX.

WHAT grows bigger the more you contract it? Debt.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, May 18, 1874.

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

Misses L. Niel, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, N. Gross, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. West, L. Black, N. Langdon, A. Lloyd, J. Kearney, M. Wicker, V. Ball, L. Ritchie, L. Dent, M. Letourneau, E. Haggerty, J. Locke, K. Finley, A. Curtin, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, N. Foote, M. Riley, A. St. Clair, M. Quan, G. Phillips, J. Stimpson, C. Nason, E. Bohan, M. Johnson, E. Denehey, E. Dougherty, L. Arnold, S. Sweeney, R. Burke, L. Bradford, A. Conahan, B. Wade, N. McEwen, F. Moore, A. Roberts, J. Bennett, N. Huber, L. Keena, R. Roscesco, M. Kengel, A. Sullivan, M. Bell, E. Ives, M. Cummings, F. Lloyd, A. Minton, L. Henrotin, K. Casey, J. Kreigh, E. O'Connor, C. Miller, L. Johnson, L. Kelly, K. Graham, M. O'Mahoney, H. Miller, R. McKeever, R. Nettler, M. Ives, S. Harris, M. Quill, J. Haney, S. Murrin, M. Poquette, N. O'Connell, M. Klotz, M. Shiel, A. Boser, A. Garies, K. Irmiter, K. Engel, M. Railton.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN ENGLISH CLASSES.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Kearney, Niel, Clarke, Gross, Devoto, Brown, Black, Langdon.

1ST SR. CLASS—Misses L. Ritchie, A. Lloyd, Curtin, Boyce, J. Kearney, Wicker, Ball, Haggerty.

2ND SR. CLASS—Misses Bradford, Burke, Clarke, Foote, E. Bohan, St. Clair, Phillips, Fanning, Keeline, Arnold, Dougherty, Johnson, Quan, Sweeney, Nason, E. Sweeney.

3RD SR. CLASS—Misses N. Ball, Moore, Ritchie, Bell, Pfeiffer, Conahan, Bennitt, Huber, Wyman, Keena, Minton.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses L. Johnson, Kreigh, Miller, Casey, Ross, C. Miller, Kelly, B. Johnson, Graham, O'Mahoney.

2ND PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Shields, Morgan, Sottrup, Klotz, Quill, Haney, Poquette, Murrin, O'Connell, Bories, Irmiter, Engel, A. Sweeney, Riopelle, Railton.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. and M. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Martin, M. Walsh, A. Harris, L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Brown, H. Peak, J. and M. Thompson, M. Summers, M. Jackson, M. Kaeseburg, J. Brown, A. Koch, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsan, L. Walsh, E. Lappin, E. McDougall, E. Schnoback, A. Ewing, A. Goewey, G. Barry, L. West, S. Lynch, M. Ware, E. Simpson, R. Gallary, N. and I. Mann, C. Orr, C. Hughes, E. McDougall, L. Walker, J. Keedy, K. Nolan, F. Dee.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST SR. CLASS—E. Richardson, A. Smith.

3RD SR. CLASS—M. Faxon, A. Walsh.

1ST PREP. CLASS—M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds and M. Walsh.

2ND PREP. CLASS—L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Brown.

JR. PREP. CLASS—J. and M. Thompson, H. Peak, M. Summers, M. Jackson, M. Hutchinson, M. Kaeseburg, M. A. Schultheis, J. Brown, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsan, L. Walsh, E. Lappin, E. McDougall.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—E. Schnoback, A. Goewey, G. Barry, L. West, S. Lynch, M. Ware, E. Simpson, N. Mann, C. Orr.

2ND JUNIOR CLASS—I. Mann, A. Peak, E. McDougall, C. and M. Hughes, J. Keedy, F. Dee, K. Nolan.

JAPANESE PEAS—200 BUSHEL TO THE ACRE.

SOMETHING NEW!

Farmers and Gardeners Read this!

Agents wanted to sell the Japanese Pea.

These peas have recently been brought to this country from Japan, and prove to be the finest Pea known for Table use or for Stock. They grow in the form of a bush, from 3 to 5 feet high, and do not require staking. They yield from one quart to a peck of peas per bush. A sample package, that will produce from 5 to 10 bushels of peas, with circulars giving terms to Agents, and full directions as to the time and manner of planting, will be sent, prepaid, to any one desiring to act as Agent, on receipt of 50 cents. Address,

D. L. OSMENT,
CLEVELAND, TENN.

Testimonials.

We have cultivated the JAPANESE PEA the past season, on a small scale, and we are convinced they are a perfect success. Their yield was enormous. For the TABLE or for STOCK they are unsurpassed by any other pea. They grow well on thin land and are bound to be a No. 1 fertilizer.

A. J. WHITE, Trustee Bradley County.

H. HIX.

A. E. BLUNT, P. M., Cleveland, Tenn.

I have cultivated the JAPANESE PEA the past year, and raised them at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre. The bloom excels buck-wheat for bees.

F. E. HARDWICK, J. P., Bradley County.

Apr 124-2t.

A Great Offer to All!

\$1.00

WORTH
SEEDS

AND
Vick's Guide
GIVEN
AWAY.

Young Folks'
Rural
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TWO
Lovely Chromos.

The **Young Folks' Rural** is pronounced the "handsomest and best paper for Young People published." It is for city or country, combining numerous features not found in any other periodical, and has proved a wonderful success. For every subscription received before May 1st, at the regular single subscription price for one year, only **\$1.50**, we will give (in addition to the paper) two lovely landscape chromos, "*Morning on the Mississippi*," and "*Sunset on the Sierras*," mounted and postpaid; Vick's *Floral Guide* for one year, and an order on Mr. Vick for **One Dollar's Worth** of Flower or Vegetable Seeds (such as you may select) to be sent by him, postpaid! Inclose the money to H. N. F. LEWIS, Publisher, Chicago, saying what you wish.

Sample of paper, 10 cents, postpaid.

Apr. 18-6t.

Michigan Central Railroad

Time Table.

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.	
Night Express,	12.22 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	11.50 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 a.m.

TRAINS WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail,	4.29 p.m.
Day Express,	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight,	1.45 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.	
EASTWARD.	
Mail,	9.15 a.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation,	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express,	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight,	10.30 a.m.

WESTWARD.	
Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrive,	6.45 a.m.
Mail,	3.50 p.m.
Pacific Express,	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight,	5.05 p.m.

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

LEAVE NILES.

9:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.

5:21 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations on Main and Air Line.

7:35 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo, Chicago, and Three Rivers.

LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6:30 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Kalamazoo Accommodation direct for Chicago. 11:00 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the main line. 6:15 p.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent,

Mar 14-tf.

CHICAGO.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

1.47	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 9.50; Cleveland, 2.15 P. M.; Buffalo, 9.10 P. M.
10.10	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at Toledo, 5.10 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50 P. M.
11.58	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.20 A. M.
9.09	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.25 P. M.
3.45	P. M. (No. 70), Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.25; Chicago 6.55 A. M.
5.20	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15; Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.34	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10 P. M.
5.45	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 6.40; Chicago, 9.00.
9.05	A. M. (No. 71), Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 p.m., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL
DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p.m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p.m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p.m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 .m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. § Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO.

J. C. McMULLIN,
Gen'l Superintendent,
CHICAGO.

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....7.29 P. M.	Pass.....8.23 P.M.
Freight...2.48 A. M.	Freight.....10.47 A.M.
Freight...8.57 P. M.	Freight.....4.45 A.M.
Pass.....9.24 a. m.	Pass.....11.23 A.M.

GOING SOUTH.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent